## Children's Country Week Association Yesterday Handled 850 Persons—Sad Accident Befalls Young Autoist-Other Matters

HAVE you ever seen the big shiny auto-bus which travels about these days? On its side is written in large letters "Paradise Special," and it belongs to the Children's Country Week,

Have you ever been out to Paradise Farm? Well, I have, and I never saw such pappy children and mothers as I saw there. It's way out beyond Paoli and quite a distance back from the railroad. And it's on a hill and in a dale and it's just wonderful. one afternoon when I went out there the first delightful sight was a whole

MRS. JOHN LORD BUTLER

Mrs. Butler, who will be remembered as Miss Marion F. S. Sharpless, of Chelten Hills, spent last weekend with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Townsend

Sharpless.

riage." And let us hope, as the rest of

pily ever after." Quite a few Philadel-

phians have gone up to this wedding, as

many have gone up to Maine for the

dentally, the girl or the car?). But sud-

denly there came a loud, terrible report,

suspect a day-old car of being capable

What were they to do? The tire sim-

ply had to be changed, and yet it simply

could not be changed without the neces-

sary "jacks" and monkey wrenches. The

man's face wore a look of grim despair,

but at last it changed to an ah!-I-have-it

expression. "We will go to a garage."

quoth he. So they bumped and bumped

down the road till they came to one.

Thank goodness, they finally did come to

one, or dear knows what would have hap-

Well, when the car was all fixed again

THE Sturgis Ingersolls are down at

Ingersoll was certainly one of the pret-

tiest girls in her debutante year, and that

is going some, for she came out the same

year as Katherine Kremer Page, Mabel

Norris Dixon, Cecile Howell, Dorothy

Roberts Bullitt, Elizabeth Roberts Clay,

Polly Page Brown and a number of

others. In fact, the girls that year were

about the prettiest lot of debbies it has

been my lot to see at the various teas

Now do not be surprised if you hear of an engamenent soon—that is.

within the next few weeks. You see, the

man and girl in question are at the seashore now (oh. I didn't say which par-

ticular spot on the Jersey coast), and

they have been taking long-walks to-

gether, swimming together and just gen-

erally looking perfectly happy and con-

tented and utterly oblivious of every one

SHE is very dark and has been very

popular since her debut a few years ago,

and HE is tall and rather light and mighty

attractive. Just you have a little patience

and it will all come out. You see if I

TF YOU don't knit, sew or roll bandages

for the Red Cross, you go into your

favorite kind of athletics and give the

gate receipts to buy materials for other

people to knit, sew or roll bandages.

They had a golf tournament at Upper

Saranac Lake this week and made some-

thing like \$350 for the Red Cross. Charles

Krumbhaar was in it-decidedly in it, for

he won. There was a large bridge party

given in Narragansett Pier, too, for war

charities, at which there were a number

of Philadelphians playing, John C. Poor

of Philadelphian Penn Smith, Isaac Cle-was there and R. Penn Smith, Isaac Cle-ther and several others.

haven't guessed right this time, too.

and parties given for them.

wedding of Eleanor and Gene.

driving).

of a blowout?

nened to them.

erowd of small boys in the most wonderful and fearful bathing suits, concocted from all kinds of clothes or underclothes, led by a big, jolly counselor in his bathing suit. They

were trudging along the road on their way to a nearby creek for a swim and a paddle, and I've seldom seen any happier urchins than that same small

The bungalow where the mothers and babies stay is right on the side of a hill, where it catches all the breezes, and the low dormitory house for the boys is up on an opposite hill against a woods. There is a big garden, which supplies the farm with vegetables and fruit. Some of the older boys help the farmer for an hour or so each day. And there is a wonderful swing!

ND then the lovely Aold-fashioned farmhouse, where the farmer and his wife and family live, and the springhouse, just a stone's throw away. where watermelons and cantaloupes are cooling

in the spring water! Seeing that our eyes were just as big as the children's when we saw the watermelons in that clear, cool water, Mrs. Farmer insisted on our going back to the house with her; and there, on the lovely old-fashioned low porch, which was shaded with real trumpet vines, we sat and ate the delicious slices of rosy fruit with the greatest appreciation. It's a wonderful thing that so many

children can be cared for for one or two weeks each summer at this beautiful. bealthy spot and at the numerous other houses which have been given to the association by various kind people. And some of the little ones who go have not only never seen the country, but still less a real cow, pigs and chickens.

They have tasted weak and watery milk in the city, but have never had the loy of watching the dairyman milk the tow and oh, goodie! tasting the still halfwarm liquid, rich with cream, which the kind man hands to his little audience to

One child who had never seen a cow cried out during a nature-class hour, "Oh, look! the cow has a dirty face. I'm going to wash it." But his neighbor quickly intervened, "That isn't dirty. know by heart. 'Twas a blowout! That's the way the cow is painted!"

This association handled 850 persons yesterday at the various country and seashore homes under its jurisdiction. I understand this is the largest number it has ever looked after all at one time, and the devoted women and men on the committee are hard put to it to raise enough money to carry on the good work. As one expressed it to me, "Our bables had been knocked out by the Belgian babies." And some persons seem to forget that "charity begins at home," so it's quite a struggle to keep the good work up.

I hope some kind-hearted persons with a bit left in their purses will open them a little for this more than worthy charity, don't you?

MORE people are going away now that it is mid-August, Karl Dodge and Milly Longstreth Dodge have gone to Water town, N. Y. Karl is in the ordnance de partment and has been ordered up there, so Milly just naturally had to go with

Mrs. G. Blight Robinson and her son, Sergeant Robinson, of Germantown, left Yesterday for a motor trip through the State. Mr. and Mrs. Edward Robinette and their daughter Elise, of Chestnut Hill, left today for a tour of Canada. Mrs. Robinette married Crozer Robinson some years ago, you know, and then some Years after his death she became the wife of Mr. Robinette. Elise is the daughter of the first marriage. Her full name is Elise Biddle Robinson. Mrs. Robinette was Meta Biddle, a daughter of the late Nicholas Biddle and a sister of Mrs. Charles West Churchman, who was Emily

CORNELIA LEIDY, whose engagement to Hammy Cheston was announced last week, and who has been visiting her trandmother, Mrs. William T. Carter, at Camden, Me., has gone today with Gainer Baird to North East Harbor, where they are to be bridesmaids for Eleanor Pepper, who is to be married to Fitz-Eugene Newbold on Saturday. Jean Thompson. Molly Thayer and Dorothy Newbold are to be bridesmaids also. Gene Newbold has to report somewhere in the West, I understand, so the wedding trip will be brief unless Eleanor can go with him He was at Fort Niagara, but has been put into some special Government work, I hear, instead of being commissioned for the reserve corps. This bit of news is not direct, so I am not perfectly sure about it.

IP IN Chestnut Hill, Mass., today will be the nuptial ceremony for Mabel Webster and Dicky Harte. Dicky Harte, son of Major Harte, who is the chief Base Hospital No. 10, now operating nd the British lines, has been at Har-. You know, and, as quite some few

SERIES OF PARTIES TO BE GIVEN SAILORS AT Y. M. H. A.

Red Cross Auxiliary Gave First Party Wednesday Night

In this unusual time of the world's crists we are proud of the extraordinary activity of our Philadelphia women. They have accomplished results of which the Poet of the Sierras never dreamed when he went back to the beginning to be witty in looking into the history of woman. "In the beginning, quotes he from the Bible, God created the heavens and the earth," Then we read that He rested on the seventh day. Then He heavens and the earth.' Then we read that He rested on the seventh day. Then 'He made man of the dust of the ground.' And then he rested again. And then the 'Lord God planted a garden eastward in Eden, and there He put the man whom he had formed.' And then the Lord God rested again. And I hope it was a good long rest. For the next that the Lord God made was woman. And I search the Good Book in And I search the Good Book in

woman. And I search the Good Book in vain for any word or sign that the Lord God—or man, either—ever rested after that woman was made!"

But the poet forgot to add that woman never rested because she had been created a "helpmeet for man." And it is in the our of adversity that the wenderful spark f neavenly fire in woman kindles into a claze. In addition to all the mechanical work done by the women of the various Red Cross auxiliaries, they are now duing the work of mothers and sisters in creating pure, happy social life for the sailors and marines stationed at League Island.

Last evening a series of home social Last evening a series of home social nights was inaugurated at the Young Men's

Hebrew Association, 1618 Master street, by the Rodeph Shalom auxiliary, No. 124, of the Red Cross Society, which was organized by Mrs. Alfred Rosenstein and of which by Mrs. Alfred Resenstein and of which she is chairman. The women are working in conjunction with the Y. M. H. A. and A'bert Katz, who is stationed at the Island by the committee on army and navy. Auxiliary No. 124 is a community affair and the meetings are held on Tuesdays in the Benjamin F. Teller Memorial Schoolhouse, southwest corner of Broad and Jefferson streets. The members take great pride in their chairman, who is active in all Jewish circles and in educational work in this ish circles and in educational work in this city and State and is a model housewife and mother. She was just the charming personality needed to preside last evening. The guests numbered twenty-five. They were brought from the navy yard to the entertainment and taken back in the automobiles of the entertainers of course there were good things to eat and cigarettes a-plenty. The billiard room and library were open for the use of the laddies. But every laddle loves a lassie. So the good mothers invited twenty-five young women to assist in making a good homey time. Rebecca Teller Mayer and Irvin Stone had the vaudeville program in charge. It included tune-ful musical sketches by Julia Silverman and Byron Kaufman; delightful impersona-tions by Oscar Lock; funny stories by Meyer Hermann, which, I am sure, will be retold to the brother sailors, who will wait anx-located for their turn to be juvited; and ously for their turn to be invited; and bright, breezy entertaining by W. Faggen, Assisting Mrs. Rosenstein were Mrs. D. F. Hilborn, Mrs. S. Langstadter, Miss Rebecca the game so often ends, "they lived hap-Teller Mayer and Mrs. Max Herkowitz.

When Walter S. Dressauer, of 2148 North Twelfth street, and his brother, Leo A. Des-sauer, started on a four weeks' trip through the mountains and along the Atlantic coast they were carefree bachelors. But they stopped at Asbury Park, and thereby hangs  $I_{\mathrm{blue}}^{\mathrm{T}}$  WAS a "Hup," one of those bright blue ones you know, and he had just a tale. Walter met a charming young wo-man from New York, Miss Hazel Kaufman. gotten it brand-new from the shop the man from New York, Miss Hazel Kaufman.
The courtship was brief and there will be
a wedding in New York in September, Mrs.
A. Dessauer, mother of the young men,
spent some time at Wernersville and Wildwood, going to Asbury Park to meet them
and met also her wonderfully pretty daughter told. day before. What more natural, then, than to take it around and show it to his best girl? And then when she had told him how marvelous it was, of course they had to go for a ride in it-just a little



A wedding of interest to Philadelphians young man would remember his precious will take place on Saturday in Washing-ton when M ss Phyllis Stewart will become the bride of Mr. Charles Stewart, who has freight and slow down (which is pretty good when you've only had one lesson in been training at one of the southern camps, Miss May Alburger, whom Miss Stewart has frequently visited while in this city, will attend the wedding, accompanied by Well, they sped along for several miles. our young friend wearing a joyful grin. which seemed to say, "Isn't she a peach?" (which do you suppose he meant, inci-

one which all experienced motorists And right here comes the sad part. The man had been in such a hurry to get his and Mr. Francis P. Walsh, of this city, and has recently received his commiss from Fort Niagara. Mr. and Mrs. Wa car he had actually forgotten all about such small details as tools. Consequently and Mr. Dempsey were present at the cerethere were none. And besides, who would mony.

> Mr and Mrs. J. Harold Wickersham, of Lancaster, announce the engagement of their daughter, Misa Leavitte Wickersham, Winslow Williams, of Yantic, Conn., a Yale graduate and a Beutenant of cavalry in the officers' reserve corps. Miss Wickersham is well known in New York and Philadelphia social circles, is an active worker in the local Red Cross chapter, and of the founders of the Lancaster Day Nursery. The wedding date is not set.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Susner, of 2104 North Ninth street, announce the engage-ment of their daughter, Miss Minerva S. Susner, to Mr. Irving M. Lovett, of Frank-

Miss Martha Henderson, of Germantown didn't they all heave a glad sigh of relief who will make her debut in the autumn, will go to Madison. Conn., for several weeks to be the guest of her aunt. Mrs. William Owen, -especially the proud owner of said car? at her cottage. Miss Henderson has always been one of Germantown's most popular girls and has attended the committee L Caps May this year with their family, dancing class at Manheim directed by Mrs. and Mrs. Fowle, Marion's mother, has George Brooke gone down to visit them. Marion Fowle



MRS. SAMUEL JONES HOUGH Mrs. Hough was Miss Frances Eleanor Lawrence before her may-



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## The Red Mouse

A Story of Love, Jealousy and Politics By WILLIAM HAMILTON OSBORNE

CHAPTER XV-Continued

AT THE sight of the unpresent of the distinction the distinction of possessing such a resounding name, Shirley was conscious of a variety of emotions. For a time, in the old days, it had been the fashion to patronize the Bellerophon, and Murgatroyd had been the first to take her there. On more than one occasion she reputation was unsullied." It even referred there. On more than one occasion she had lunched with him and he had always been most enthusiastic over the respectful been most enthusiastic over the respectful service, the wonderful cuisine and the quiet | the paper with a cry: of the place. It was infinitely nicer, he had said, to have their luncheon there than the bride of Mr. Charles Stewart, who has been training at one of the southern camps, Miss May Alburger, whom Miss Stewart to go to any of the huge, noisy caravansatives Miss May Alburger, whom Miss Stewart to go to any of the huge, noisy caravansatives Miss May Alburger, whom Miss Stewart to go to any of the huge, noisy caravansatives Miss May Alburger, whom Miss Stewart to go to any of the huge, noisy caravansatives Miss May Alburger, whom Miss Stewart to go to any of the huge, noisy caravansatives Miss May Alburger, whom Miss Stewart to go to any of the huge, noisy caravansatives Miss May Alburger, whom Miss Stewart to go to any of the huge, noisy caravansatives Miss May Alburger, whom Miss Stewart to go to any of the huge, noisy caravansatives Miss May Alburger, whom Miss Stewart to go to any of the huge, noisy caravansatives Miss May Alburger, whom Miss Stewart to go to any of the huge, noisy caravansatives Miss Method while in this city, the first the skyscraping, five-acre, concident to go to any of the huge, noisy caravansatives Miss Method while in this city, the first the skyscraping, five-acre, concident to go to any of the huge, noisy caravansatives Miss Method whether than the relations between the rion of his record was dishonesty!

So Murgatroyd was still playing a game!

The root of his record was dishonesty!

So Murgatroyd was dishonesty!

Shirley was thoroughly sincer in her indignation. And yet after a little wille she wile she will and the relations between the auti-the roubled him—whether it had cost him any thing? Oh, if only she could be sure of that! For she well knew, and a little sigh of hard cost him any thing? Oh, if onl not unnaturally, it came about that Shirley had had little difficulty on her long journey east in convincing herself that it was merely her liking for the Bellerophon, and not at all anything more subtle, that had caused her to decide upon this quaint, old hotel for her lonely stay in the metropolis. Besides, Miriam and she had often been there together, and for that matter, had grown to regard it as their own especial discovery. But now, when she had crossed the portal, when the boy had dropped her bag at the feet of the Bellerophon portercharging her quite double as the price of her unpardonable absend-mindedness — a od of memories swept over her and her face flushed and she laughed in an irritated sort of way on realizing that all the time she had been thinking solely of Mur-

Murgatroyd! Would the man's name murgatroyd! Would the min's hame never be out of her thoughts! For a time out west, it is true, she had been so enout west, it is true, she had been grossed in the cares and griefs of her almost hermit-like existence that she had been able to look back upon the old scenes as chapters in some pathetic story book; but now, the odd, little prints on the walls all about her, the slender old gentlemen—arisable trailed to and fro, everything erats - who strolled to and fro, everything about the place recalled vividly the man who, not so very long ago, had been a part and parcel of her existence.

They showed her to her room—a won-

old-fachloned room without a particle of brass or glitter in it. Even the bedstead was of wood—a good, solid invitation to homelike rest and slumber. "Get me an evening paper, please," she

"Which one?" he asked.
"All of them." she replied with a ng smile; after that the boy was not long

ing smile; after that the soy das loss in bringing them.

In Arizona Shirley had been reading news which was generally three four days—frequently a week old. Out there her home papers had straggled in, stale and unprofitable. But these—of even date; why, they were damp from the press. Indeed, it was good to have them!

"Home home," she whispered to herself

"Home, home," she whispered to herself as she sank into a chair. She decided that as she sank into a chair. She decided that she would not dine until much later, for she wanted to think, wanted to classify the emotions which had rushed in upon her so emotions which had rushed in upon her so suddenly. The easy chair responded to her mood; and with a sigh, and placing her hands behind her head, she leaned back contentedly, little knowing that she looked wonderfully pretty in that old room—a goddess in a traveling gown. All the care and sorrow that she had nassed through in these last months had made a woman of the girl, had deepened her beauty. Time the girl, had deepened her beauty, had rounded her gently. Travelthe girl, had despend her had rounded her gently. Travel-stained and feverish with the glow of a new experience upon her, she was more inviting, more human, more beautiful than she could possibly be in the latest Paris creation. and yet one of the fittest mates in metropolis was alone. East and West, verywhere she had wandered men, great everywhere she had wandered, men, great men, wonderful men had held out their hands to her beseeching y—drawn by a certain undefinable magnetism and attrac-tiveness which she possessed—a charm of manner which few could resist. And Shirmanner which lew could be sign.

ley had passed on, and had given no sign.

But now in the silence of her room, her loneliness appalled her. The insistent memories closed in around her. And suddenly she knew that she wanted to live as other want of her own.

she knew that she wanted to live as other women lived—with a man of her own choosing. But where could she find the man in whom she could put her faith?

After a while Shirley picked up one of the papers lying on the table. At the first glance she started and laughed guiltily. There at the head of the third column, a word, a name had caught her eye; Murgatroyd! Paper after paper she now scanned, and all mentioned his name; some on the dret page, others on the could; and with

Thorne! Finally, she rejected all but one, THE sight of the unpretentious hosattention upon it. At a glance, Shirley could see that with all its conservatism, the Pillar was holding up its hands in reverential hero-worship. In a two-column article it reviewed Murgatroyd's record from its invariably impartial viewpoint. "Murgatroyd had been clean," it said, "his "Murgatroyd had been clean," it said, "his

"Oh, what a hypocrite he is!" So Murgatroyd was still playing a game! on and on, marveling at the Pillar's devo-tion, but soon it became apparent to her that its editor was picturing Murgatroyd more in the light of a losing martyr than as a successful saint. For the article pointed out the strength of the railroads, of Wall street, of the brewers, of the machine, and predicted mournfully that Murgatroyd was bound to fall before all his powerful enemies, concluding with, "More the pity, more the pity."

Presently she read the other papers; all contained more or less adverse criticism of him. One thing, however, stood out; fanatic though some of them called him, they were unanimous as to his honesty of purpose—a man who could not be bought, who could not be swerved from the straight and narthere any reference to the existence of Challoner. The Challoners had been forsight.

reminded of a sudden that she was desper-ately hungry. Once in the dining room, she directed her steps to the small alcove—the corner which Miriam and she had always occupied after the first of those memorable occasions when she had lunched there with Murgatroyd. Taking her place at the table with a sigh of satisfaction, Shirley threw a her table, making it impossible for her to be seen, although it was perfectly easy for her to see every one in the room. There were few dining at that hour, and so after ordering her meal, she was thrown back once more on her reflections—reflections of Murgatroyd; and she fell to wondering in what way had the possession of almost a million dollars changed him. Had he grown stout? Was he full-faced, or possibly a bit insolent overbearing and aggressively genial with a wide laugh? In any event she was quite positive that he was prosperous looking-too prosperous looking: and, all in all, it was anything but a pleasant picture which she mentally drew of him. The waiter brought the chosen viands and

withdrew. Shirley ate eagerly.

The air of the city was full of life and The air of the city was tun of the and body; it gave her an appetite. Being quite a material personage, she enjoyed her dinner thoroughly. Things tasted delicious to her, and yet her thoughts wandered.

"If only Billy had been different." she kept saying to herself.

Suddenly the palms were parted, and a fat man approached her table. On seeing it occupied, he mumbled his surprise and backed out again. But while pushing his ough the palms he extended a short "That table over there, then."

The remark was made to a companion whom as yet Shiftey could not see. An answer, however, came in a man's voice; both men seemed disappointed: evidently this corner was a favorite with others as well as herself. And the fat man—his face was strangely familiar. Who might he be? thirley was sure Broderick. That was the man: the funny,

vulgar politician who had been pointed out to her at the Challoner trial. Shirley wondered what a man of his stamp was doing in the quietude of the Bellerophon. Somehow, he did not seem to belong there; she laughed silently to herself as through the palms she watched him settle laboriously at a table in another The seat he had taken faced away from her The seat he had taken faced away from her, and she noted how broad, how terribly broad, was his back.
"But a power in politics—the real thing!" she cried half aloud. It was not surprising.

she cried hair aloud. It was not seen that she told herself, that men of refinement healitated a long time before going into politics, if this were a type of the men they had to compete with. Her thoughts running on in this strain she determined all the strains and determined.

It was not difficult to get a good look at him, as the man sat facing her.

At the first glance Shirley had a faint suspicion that likewise she knew that face; then she looked again and for a moment she was startled. "No, it can't be possible that—" At that instant the stranger looked up and dispelled her doubts. She was face to face with the man who had filled her thoughts for the last two hours.

"And so that is Billy Murgatroyd!" she murmured to herself. He was the same Murgatroyed she had known, but different from the man she had pictured. And she would have gone on indefinitely criticizing his looks, but she was suddenly interrupted by the sound of voices. It was Broderick talking, his big voice filling the room. Shirley listened attentively.

about the room.

While Broderick ordered the dinner, Murgatroyd leaned forward and made some remark. Instantly something in the tone

"And this is the use that Murgatroyd has made of poor Miriam's money!" she to herself. "He's bribing the enemy!" Shirley bowed her head in shame

Presently she lifted it again, for befor Presently she lifted it again, for before their dinner had arrived and while Brod-erick talked on, Murgatroyd rose and walked for a brief while up and down be-hind the table; and, unseen herself, she scrutinized him closely.

The first thing that her woman's eye

oted was that Murgatroyd was not in ning clothes; he wore a business suit, not altogether new, which to her thinking. needed pressing; it looked as if he had lived in it from daybreak to daybreak. He was no stouter than when she had last seen im; if anything he appeared to have lost but fine lines. And Shirley was forced to acknowledge to herself that it had lost none of its grace. But on his face was the dul flush that results from the strain of enthuiasm, of excitement, of overwork. He ooked fagged out, and his eyes were restess, though they glowed with steadiness of ourpose. From time to time he giance quickly about him, taking in every detail of the room, studying the people in it, and even peering through the palms that hid the girl, as though he wondered what inter-loper had had the temerity to rob him of his lair. One thing, however, impressed her more than anything else; his demeanor to ward Broderick. There was within it not a particle of that confidential concession that Broderick seemed ever ready to offer; on the contrary, it suggested a suspicious watchfulness. Murgatroyd had every ap-pearance of being a zealous, jealous taskmaster who had set himself over a paid but uncertain servant.

And Broderick, only once did Broderick turn his head so that Shirley might see his face; but in that one instant the girl divined what she believed to be the situa-tion, the true force of the drama that was being played by the two men.

Broderick's face, glance, his whole being, indicated the cunning of the man; he was treachery personified, at least, so he appeared to Shirley; and she told herself, as she sat there and studied him, that any one with half an eye could see that he was

hoodwinking the man opposite him, "Murgatroyd was being fooled!" There was no doubt about it. The attitude of both men expressed it; but, more than anything cise, Murgatroyd's air of feverish endeavor, of expenditure of energy, con-firmed it. With Miriam's thousands he had paid for something that had not been delivered. Broderick had taken the money ---every dollar of it, of that Shirley was horoughly convinced-and had given nothing in return. In the girl's mind there was no accounting otherwise for Broderick's leer; in no other way was it possible to explain the desperate effort that Murgatroyd seemed to be making. But, at last, the lawyer grew angry; he hit the table repeatedly with his fist and glared at Broderick. And the huge politician pretended to cower and tried to propitiate him.

"Yes, they are fooling him!" she reseated to herself. Mixings's money has

peated to herself. Miriam's money had

been of no avail; Murgatroyd had failed to accomplish his purpose.

After a while this feeling of contempt for his failure gave way to a wave of pity. What right had she to judge him at all; what manner of woman was she, that she should set herself up to determine whether his lesson was deservedly bitter or not; and what should be his punishment. "Money so gotten will never do him any good," Miriam had said after the scene in the courtroom, and how true her words had proved! Why, the papers, esen though they believed in his honesty, had as much as said that he was going found in the honesty had as much as and these. should set herself up to determine whether

AFEW days later, dressed in light ing, Shirley Bloodgood for the time in her life wended her way to a tenement house not far from the

"Surely I cannot me mistaken-this

In reply to her timid knock and ir for Mrs. Challener, a little girl direct her to the apartment above, the door which was presently opened by a wome with full, rounded face; and entering heat, well-furnished five-room flat, Shirle was soon seated at the window chattle with happy eagerness

The young woman with the full, fresh, rounded face, it can readly be imagined was Miriam Challoner.

"You've been away more than three years, Shirley," she sighed, as she bent over a bit of fancy work. "It seems a "It hasn't seemed so long to me,"

turned Shirley, "Though when we i went west I thought it would be not short of a nightmare—waiting for an man to die." "It must have been," assented Mirlam,

Shirley held up her head proudly and an-

"No, it wasn't, because for the first time in my life I really came to know my father. I thought I had known him before, but I made a mistake. I never knew him until these last three years in Arizona—I found out almost too late,"
"I always liked your father, Shirley, and

I think he always liked me," was Mirlam's

Yes, he did. But did you ever stop t think," went on Shirley hastily, "why, my father never wronged anybody! My father was good—my father was honest! Oh, I could scourge myself," she declared sadly, "for the things I used to think about my father. I even told Murgatroyd, once, that though I loved my father, I could never admire him, respect him."

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Philadelphia Band, City Hall Place, B

Municipal Band, Fitzwater and Martin Ailled Building Trades Council, Parkway Building, 8 o'clock. Members and dele-

Annual banquet, National Retail Monu-ment Dealers' Association, Hotel Adelphia, 6:30 o'clock. Members.

## FORREST

Two Weeks Engagement Commencing Monday Afternoon Next

EVELYN NESB**IT** RUSSELL THAW

REDEMPTION

MATINEER DAILY, 2:15; 25e AND 50e EVENINGS, 8:15; 25e TO \$1.00 SEAT SALE STARTS TODAY

TWO WEEKS ONLY
REGARDLESS OF DEMAND
RESERVED SEATS IN ADVANCE

11:15 A. M.



EARLE WILLIAMS "TRANSGRESSION" Next Week.-H. B. Warner in "God's Man" Commencing September 10—Goldwyn Picture First Production—MAE MARSH in "POLLY OF THE CIRCUS"

PALACE 1214 MARKET STREET 10 A. M. TO 11:15 P. X. PRICES-106 20e

Mare MacDermott & Mildred Manning in "MARY JANE'S PA"
FROM PLAY BY EDITH ELLIS

ARCADIA CHESTNUT Bel. 16TH WILLIAM DESMOND "MASTER OF HIS HOME"

REGENT MARKET BELOW 1777 11 A. M. to 11:15 P. M. Daily, 10c; Evgs., 150 SEENA OWEN Initial Presentation

VICTORIA MARKET Above 97H MABEL TALIAFERRO "THE JURY OF FATE"

GLOBE Theatre MARKET A JUNIPER STR. VAUPEVILLE—Continuous 11° A. M. to 11 P. L.

Slatko's Rollickers WHIRLWIND DANCES "Beaux and Belles" SINGING PRODUCTION CROSS KEYS DAILY 2:80-10e Evgs., 7 & 9, 10c. 20c. "ROSELAND GIRLS"

GARRICK TODAY AT 2:15
TONIGHT AT 8:11

The CRIVII

MATS., 25c TO \$1.00; NIGHTS, 25c TO \$13 Screen Version and Mammoth Stage Spectacle Combined

B. F. Keith's Theatre THE MEISTERSINGERS

HASSARD SHORT & CO.
Dorothy Toys; Kellar Mack & Auns B
Travilla Bros & Seal; Others
Today at 2, 25c & 50c. Tenigut at 2, 25c & MATINER TOT Puss P

Walnut Above 616 04